

HOMIE MAGAZINE.

DOUBLE
PAGE.

MAKE YOUR OWN DRESS.

MME. LOUISE TELLS HOW.

BLACK CREPE DE CHINE.

Dear Mrs. Louise:
Please suggest how to have a black crepe de chine skirt made. I am tall, by few friends termed slender, by many enemies skinny. I am forty-one years old and ugly, but would like to have a real swaggy skirt that I could wear evening and to the street occasionally. My ideas have not with you. I have a new taffeta (black) drop skirt that I could wear many yards do I need and how shall it be made? I would like a handsome evening, but no Mexican stitch or French knots. I am only a sewing, and fancy work always makes me sick.

grass the idea: When making a skirt waist have it almost completed, with the exception of the bottom of it. Then tie a piece of tape around your waist over the skirt waist. Pin this to the skirt waist across the back and as far forward as two inches from the under arm seam. Then cut the waist up from the bottom edge to this point; the material remaining below around the sides and back is finished to be worn inside of the belt. The front is trimmed off slightly near the point where the tapes are. The tapes go under the fronts and are tied tightly; this holds the skirt waist down well in shape. The fronts are gathered and bound with a narrow binding and after the skirt is hooked on, covering all the material below the tape of the waist are brought down low and fastened securely. Then the giraffe goes on next and the skirt is put as neat looking as the bones and shaped winter skirt waists.

An additional splendid idea is to have three eyelets on the tape at the center back and hooks on the inside of the skirt belt, with the head turned upward. These hook into the eyelets and one is never afraid of having a sagging skirt.

FOR HOME
DRESSMAKERS.The Evening World's Daily
Fashion Hint.

The cut shows an exceedingly stylish skirt, particularly becoming to a slightly built woman. You will need a yards of crepe de chine for this skirt. It is box-plaited and the insertion is black silk. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a row of velvet ribbon, having three rows of velvet ribbon above and below it. A narrow width on the edge of the insertion and the next two rows on either side graduating wider.

THE LONG FRONT EFFECT.

It will be only a short time before we are again face to face with the thin summer skirt waists, and many of our readers desire to know how they can have the long front effect when the lower part of the waist is worn inside of the skirt. And most of them find that they do not like the idea of cutting the skirt away in front.

The following is a capital way of solving the puzzle and everybody can readily

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.
SECRETS OF BEAUTY REVEALED.

Get a Good Tonic.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Is tincture of iron a good thing to make blood, and how much should one take and how often a day and what should it be taken with?

I think your best plan will be to get one of the proprietary combinations of beef, iron and wine. It will be cheaper than for you to attempt to make this mixture at home. Ask your druggist for the best preparation he has and follow the directions that always come with those remedies.

To Restore the Color of the Hair.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Kindly inform me how to get my hair color from the front and back and also to turn gray hair into only black.

Gray hair is sometimes an inheritance. It is impossible to say at this distance why your hair should be changing color at your age, but the fact is not at all unusual.

So far as my experience goes there is no way of arresting gray hair. One tonic will apparently have the effect with certain individuals and the same process will fail utterly with others.

Scalp massage I consider the best treatment and suited to every one, because it restores the circulation of the skin of the scalp, which is always impaired where the hair falls out or changes color.

The only proper method of restoring the color of the hair from my point of view is through the use of a stain or dye.

I object to hair dyes and stains, but they are certainly the only reliable vehicles for changing the color of the hair.

Shampooing the hair frequently relieves the scalp of all superfluous oil where the secretions are abnormal in this respect and gives the hair a lighter appearance, although in fact the color is unchanged.

I would suggest in your case a thorough course of massage before using any tonic or stain.

Remedy for Sticky Lotion.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
What can I put in a preparation of my own (which contains astringent and perfume) that when it is put on the skin will not be sticky and will dry more readily?

Dilute the preparation with rose water until it is no longer sticky.

DAILY PUZZLE PICTURE.



SOME ONE MADE THE STEER ANGRY. WHO WAS IT?

ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN \$5.

Can you guess the following conundrum? Try it anyway. It may be worth your while. The Evening World will pay \$5 for the first correct answer received. Here is the conundrum:

Something heavy, yet it's light,
Very useful in the night;
And in the day, when you pass by,
It's always pointing toward the sky.

Send in your reply to "Riddle Editor, Evening World, P.O. Box 26, New York City."

The winning answer will appear in Friday's Evening World.

Kate Carew Tells How
"Soldiers of Fortune"
Was Launched with
Much Speechmaking—
"Sky Farm" a Laugh-
ing Success at the Gar-
rick.

Mr. Robert Edson, before he became a star, was a very agreeable, modest actor with musty eyes and a determined jaw. Last night he appeared for the first time in New York as a star, and a fashionable and friendly audience beheld in him the self-same agreeable, modest actor, with the self-same musty eyes and determined jaw. The star-making process had been accomplished outside Mr. Edson and not inside. It was an affair of billboards. The main comfort was that Mr. Edson showed no signs of spoiling.

He appeared as the hero of "Soldiers of Fortune," a story of Mr. Richard Harding Davis made over and warmed over into a string of illustrative tableaux by Mr. Augustus Thomas. The fact that a real dramatist's name appeared on the programme led many persons to expect that this would be different from the average "dramatization" of the popular tale with which Broadway has become so familiar.

Mr. Thomas, in the course of a droll and diplomatic speech at the banquet, throwing the blame on Mr. Davis, earnestly assuring the audience that he had but a small share in the proceedings, as Mr. Davis had prepared a dramatic version of his own which was used with few alterations. However that may be, those persons who design to see "Soldiers of Fortune" are here advised to read Mr. Davis's story first if they wish to make head or tail out of the stage version.

For my part, having neglected this precaution, I have but a confused notion of what it was all about.

It is easy to detect Mr. Thomas's fine Italian hand in the frequent clatter of horse's hoofs off the stage. This startling "effect" made such a hit in "Arizona" that the ingenious author and inventor, arguing that the public cannot have too much of a good thing, has simply peppered "Soldiers of Fortune" with "hoofbeats." At frequent intervals conversation on the stage is suspended in order that all hands may listen to a crescendo rub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub in the wings, and then somebody remarks, "Here comes Gen. Mendoza on his fiery steed," or "Yonder approacheth Mme. Mendoza in her chariot," or "See, the Gallant McWilliams gallops this way!" In fact, the invisible manipulator of the hoofbeat machine works as hard as anybody in the cast.

This is about all one can detect of Mr. Thomas's handiwork. Of Mr. Davis there is enough and to spare in the shape of innumerable conversations about what to drink in the tropics, and what a great thing it is to be a civil engineer. The entire first act is composed of this kind of dialogue.

There is a great deal of shooting. This, again, is probably a fruit of Mr. Thomas's superior stagecraft. It all happens in South America. There's a revolution and there's an American civil engineer who always does the cleverest thing and saves all the good people and fells all the bad people. And there's his employer, a South American millionaire, and there's the civil engineer, and there's a weedy and conscientious President's son, who says she loves the virtuous Captain of the Guard—but nobody believes it possible; and there's a sort of Van Bibber in a steam yacht, and a treacherous South American General, and a lot of soldiers, and a squad of United States marines, and—and—and, well, they all shoot very excited, and some of them are shot, and the civil engineer never makes a mistake, and the Captain of the Guard is shot, and in the last act the Americans are besieged in the telegraph station at Los Bocos, where Mr. Thomas artfully suspends the firing in order that the civil engineer and the tiresome daughter of the millionaire may pair off. The final curtain falls on the rescue of everybody by the United States marines, who are really very lifelike and richly deserve the patriotic applause with which they are hailed by the audience.

Mr. Edson is the civil engineer, Miss Gretchen Lyons is the tiresome daughter of the millionaire, Mr. Charles Langham is her popper, Miss Mary Derwick is the elder statesman, and Mr. Van Bibber person, Mr. Macey Harlan, who looks like John Drew, is the Van Bibber person. Miss Dorothy Donnelly is the President's son, Mr. Guy Bates Post is her prosperous lover.

The most interesting studies in the piece are contributed by Mr. Harry Harwood and Mr. Ira A. Harde—the former as a tough-minded American miner, and the latter as a subtle and audacious Irish-American filibuster.

KATE CAREW.

"THE BELLE OF BROADWAY."

In "The Belle of Broadway," the new musical comedy, to the rehearsals of which the Sire Brothers are admitting the public at the Winter Garden of the New York Theatre, there are three parts, two speaking and one thinking. There are also twenty-six interesting under-studies, to say nothing of the chorus of Lilliputian young ladies.

The under-studies are anything but line-perfect, and the Lilliputians forget what to do with their hands and feet. This, however, gives a fine chance for overtime work to Mr. Louis Lawrence, the energetic stage manager, who has the principal speaking part. The other speaking part is played by a modest person whose name is anything but line-perfect, and who forgets the unoffending balcony promoter from an outside balcony over the main entrance with those words uttered through a megaphone in no uncertain, if rather an uncanny tone.

He can be heard for blocks.

The Lilliputians are dressed with animation by Philip Klatskin, the leader of the orchestra. He waves his arms energetically, imitates his music, and sometimes on any old air, to the discomfiture of those of the under-studies who are expected to sing, and especially of Mr. Louis Lawrence, who, dishevelled and distraught, rushes frantically from the wings and shakes his fist in the conductor's face, bowling the while the title of the selection, which some of the musicians are playing, and which he (unreasonably) wants all of them to sing.

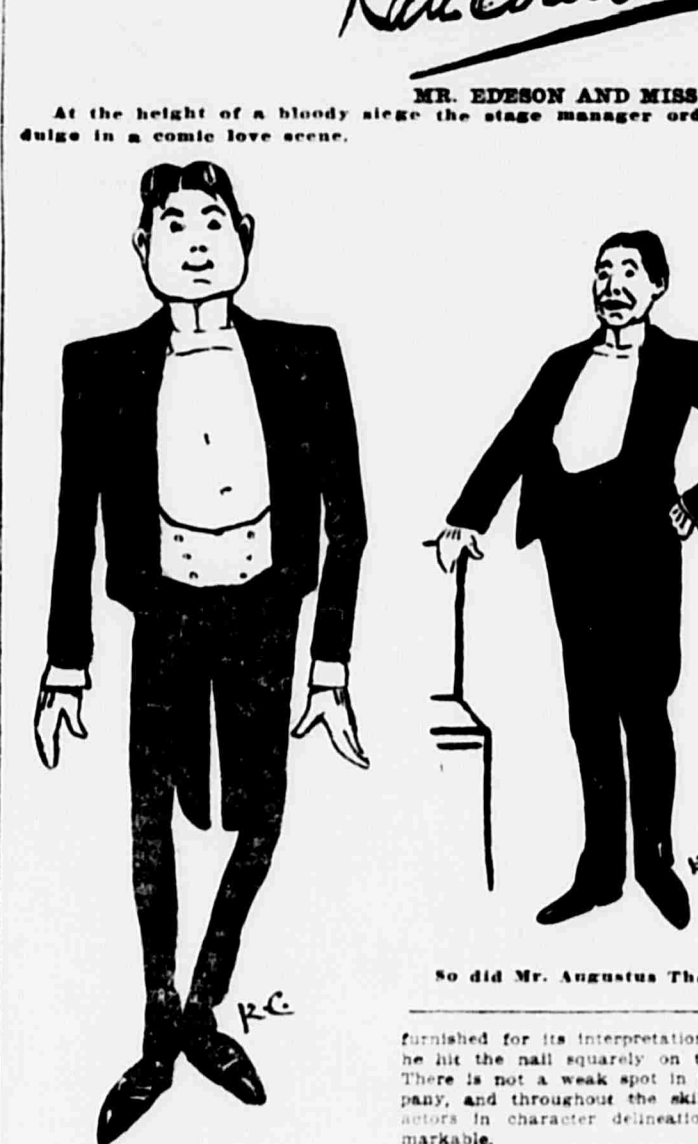
He occupies the rest of his time in pushing and pulling the under-studies and the Lilliputian ladies of the chorus and on the stage by sheer force.

Oh, yes! Donald Brine sings a very pretty thing, "Sue," in a very pretty



MR. EDSON AND MISS LYONS.

At the height of a bloody siege the stage manager orders "Cease firing," that they may indulge in a comic love scene.



So did Mr. Augustus Thomas.

Miss Dorothy Donnelly, the funny President's wife.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis made his little bow.

voice. And he is a very pretty fellow, too, and very manly.

"SKY FARM" AT THE GARRICK.

Our tried and trusty friends, the secret marriage and the long lost child, to the will, are again in pathetic evidence at the Garrick Theatre, where Edward E. Kilder's new pastoral, "Sky Farm," was presented last night. The dramatist has made all the concessions to the taste of a character who appeared just before the final curtain, but he or she made a most unqualified hit with the audience, and a chorus of "Goo Goo" went up from all parts of the house. The baby was brought on to straighten out the complicated plot, and it did it to the eminent satisfaction of every one on and off the stage.

NEW PLAYBILLS.

Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were enthusiastically received in Harlem last evening when they presented at the Opera House "The Merchant of Venice." The bill for tonight is "King Charles" and "Waterloo." The Banker's Daughter was second at the Murray Hill Theatre—Hartley Crane's old success, "The Galley Slave," was well presented at the American Theatre—"Man's Enemy," a new melodrama, with Agnes Herndon in the leading role, made a hit at the New Star Theatre. The Metropolitan Theatre was filled by admirers of Ward and Voke, who are presenting "The Head Waiters"—Enormous St. Patrick's Day audiences were attracted to the Grand Opera House by "The Fatal Wedding." "The Elephant Hunt" proved a great thriller at the Third Avenue Theatre—"Les Belles Zouaves," one of the striking novelties of the Dwyer Theatre, was well presented at the Murray Hill Theatre—Hartley Crane's old success, "The Galley Slave," was well presented at the American Theatre—"Man's Enemy," a new melodrama, with Agnes Herndon in the leading role, made a hit at the New Star Theatre.



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THE HUNCHBACK
OF NOTRE-DAME.

Victor Hugo's Masterpiece.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

At the height of a bloody siege the stage manager orders "Cease firing," that they may indulge in a comic love scene.

CHAPTER X.

Quasimodo in the Hunchback.

THE crowd had observed in the gallery above the church porch a strange-looking spectator who had till then been watching all that passed.

This spectator had not lost a single incident of the tragedy that had been acting ever since noon before the porch of Notre-Dame, and in the very first moments he had, unconsciously, securely tied to one of the small pillars of the gallery a knotted rope the end of which reached the pavement.

This done, he had set himself to watch as quietly as before, having from time to time at the jacksaws as they drew past him. All at once, at the moment when the executioner's assistants were preparing to obey the phlegmatic order of Charmou'e, he strode across the balustrade of the gallery, seized the rope with feet, knees and hands, glided down the facade like a drop of rain down a pane of glass, ran up to the two sides of the wall of the church, and had fallen from a roof, felled both of them to the ground with his enormous fists, bore off the Egyptian on one arm, as a girl would her doll, and at one bound he was in the church, holding up the young girl above his head and shouting with terrific voice:

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary! This was all done with the rapidity of lightning.

This shock brought La Esmeralda to her senses. She opened her eyes, looked at Quasimodo and instantly closed them again, as if horror-stricken at the sight of her deliverer.

Charmou'e stood stupefied—so did the executioners and the whole escort. Within the walls of Notre-Dame the prisoner was secure from molestation. The cathedral was a place of refuge. Human justice dared not cross its threshold.

Quasimodo paused under the great porch. His large feet seemed as firmly rooted to the pavement of the church as the massive Roman pillars. His huge head, with its profuse covering of hair, appeared to be anchored down into his shoulders, like that of the lion, which, as a girl would her doll, and at one bound he was in the church, holding up the young girl above his head and shouting with terrific voice:

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